

PARTY SONGS
of Alpha Sig



Beta Theta
Rutgers

INDEX

A Cold Winter's Evening	18
After The Ball Was Over	11
Alouette	17
Beta Theta	6
Be Prepared	18
Chi Omega Song	9
Cannibal King	10
Don't Cry Lady	22
Don't Take My Pin	25
Don't Send My Boy To Harvard	26
Down Where The Raritan Flows	4
Fireman Bill	16
For He's An Alpha Sig	5
Good Old Mountain Dew	15
In A Quaint Old Jersey Town	5
In The Halls Of Alpha Sig	7
I Want A Gal	20
Jada	26
Lafayette	9
Little Brown Jug	21
Loyal Sons	3
Mimi The College Widow	17
Minnie The Mermaid	24
Morphine Bill	25
My Girl	14
National Embalming School	16
On The Banks	3
Ole Black Joe	16
OLD FAVORITES	28
Peaches And Cream	19
Phi Delta Theta	22
Rambling Wreck	19
Red River Valley	21
Show Me The Way To Go Home	14
Stout Hearted Men	23
Sons of Alpha Sigma Phi	6
Sweetheart Song	5
Sweet Violets	27
Tell Me Why	23
The Sweetheart Of Sigma Chi	21
Two Little Words	23
The Cellar Of Old Alpha Sig	8
The R.O.T.C.	9
They're Laying Eggs Now	26
The Mouse	11
The Ship Titanic	12
The Souse Family	13
Vive Les Rutgers' Sons	4
We'll Sing Of Alpha Sigma Phi	8
Who Sweeps The Streets	11
Waltzing Matilda	24
Whiffenpoof Song	20
You Had A Dream	13
Yellow Ribbon	7

RUTGERS SONGS

ON THE BANKS

My father sent me to Old Rutgers,
And resolved that I should be a man,
And so I settled down
In that noisy college town
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

On the banks of the Old Raritan, my boys,
Where Old Rutgers evermore shall stand.
For has she not stood since the time of the flood
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

Then sing aloud to Alma Mater,
And keep the Scarlet in the van;
For with her motto high
Rutgers' name shall never die,
On the banks of the Old Raritan-Chorus

LOYAL SONS

Loyal sons of Rutgers battling
Mid the shadows of twilight
For the prestige of Old Rutgers
On the gridiron how they fight.

Chorus

Ring the bells of Old Queen's College,
Paint the town as ne'er before;
Play the game, boys, play together;
Score once more, Oh, score once more

Hit the line and run the ends, boys;
Play the game with heart and soul.
Right on through at every plunge, boys,
Push the ball across the goal.

Chorus: (above)

VIVE LES RUTGERS' SONS

Oh, here's to the college that stands on the hill,
Vive les Rutgers' sons;
She's stood there for ages, she's standing there still,
Vive les Rutgers' sons.

Chorus

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive l'amour, vive l'amour
Vive les Rutgers sons.

A friend on the left and a friend on the right
Vive les Rutgers sons;
In jolly good fellowship, let us unite,
Vive les Rutgers sons.—Chorus

Oh, here's to the ivy on old Rutgers' walls.
Vive les Rutgers' sons,
Our heartstrings like ivy shall cling' round her halls,
Vive les Rutgers' sons.—Chorus

DOWN WHERE THE RARITAN FLOWS

You may sing of your Boolas and ancient Nassaus,
To Brown you may all drink her down,
To the glories of Penn you may give your applause.
And may go-go Chicago and yell for Cornell,
And inform us that Stanford is fine,
Of Bowdoin and Williams and Tech you may tell,
But there's only one college for mine.

Chorus

Take me down, down, down where the Raritan flows,
flows, flows,
Where they banish sorrows and troubles and cares and
and woes,
Where freshman are vardant and soph'mores are gay,
Where juniors are gallant and Seniors blase;
Oh, the rest may be fine, but old Rutgers for mine!
Down where the Raritan flows.

IN A QUAIN OLD JERSEY TOWN

In a quaint old Jersey town
That I long to call my own
Stands a college that has been known to fame,
Where the hearty ivy clings
To the walls of ancient stone,
Never fading, yet eternally the same.

Chorus

Alma Mater, Alma Mater!
Plucky college by the gentle Raritan,
You're the apple of my eye,
Brightest star in all the sky,
Rutgers College by the gentle Raritan.

II

Where the freshman young green
With his self-important mien
Comes to add more knowledge to his little store,
But in just about a week
He is feeling very meek
For he's interviewed the warlike sophomore.

ALPHA SIG SONGS

FOR HE'S AN ALPHA SIG

For he's an Alpha Sig,
He's a man you ought to know.
For he's an Alpha Sig
He's not too fast and not too slow,
He's a gentleman and a scholar
with a heart beneath his vest;
He looks like all the others,
but he's better than the rest
For he's an Alpha Sig
He is a man you ought to,
a man you want to,
a man you're sure to know!

SWEETHEART SONG

Who says sweetheart to you,
Who calls you all his own?
Who stands lonesome and blue,
Taleing of love to the moon up above?
Tell me, whose eyes gazing in yours,
Make all your dreams come true?
Who has the right to kiss you goodnight?
Tell me, whose Alpha Sig girl are you?

SONS OF ALPHA SIGMA PHI

(to tune of McNara's Band)

We're a jolly bunch of Alpha Sigs
And none of us gives a darn,
We eat and sleep and work and play
And fuss whene'er we can.
You'll find us on the diamond,
You'll find us on the track,
And we bust right in to ev'ry thing
And at studies take a crack.

Chorus (For verse 1)

Oh, A stands for Alpha,
The rest for Sigma Phi
Good old Alpha Sig boys
Of Alpha Sigma Phi.
When e'er you see two jolly boys
True until they die,
That's the fundamental principle of Alpha Sigma Phi

O a Sig he died and went to heav'n and climb'd the
golden stairs,
And all his friends and brothers Sigs were waiting for
I'm there.
But when he reach'd the pearly gates
He found he'd lost his cue,
"You may come right in", St. Peter said,
"We're all good Sigs here too."

Chorus (for verses 2 and 3)

O, we're sons, we're sons, we're sons of Alpha Sigma Phi
O, we're sons, we're sons, we're sons of Alpha Sigma Phi.
And when our college days are o'er,
An in to the world we hie,
O we'll still be sons of sons of sons of Alpha Sigma Phi.

O a Sig he died and went be low and climb'd the fi'ry hill,
He perch'd himself on a red-hot coal and smok'd a lousy
pill.
The eyes of satan fill'd with glee
"We're glad to see you here,
So come down, you son of a brother Sig,
And we'll open a keg of beer."

BETA THETA

Beta Theta, Beta Theta Alpha Sig.
Now, what's the best fra-ter-nity
At Rutgers University?
Beta Theta, Beta Theta Alpha Sig.
Beta Theta, Beta Theta Alpha Sig.

YELLOW RIBBON

Around her neck

She wears a yellow ribbon
She wears it in the Spring time
And in the month of May Hey-hey!
And if you ask her
Why the hell she wears it,
She wears it for her Alpha Sig
Who's far, far away,

Chorus

Far away, far away
Oh, she wears it for her Alpha Sig
Who's far, far away.

II

And in New York she keeps a Small apartment. (etc.)

III

Before her door She keeps a welcome mat. (etc)

IV

And in her room, She keeps a double bed. (etc)

V

And on that bed She keeps an extra pillow. (etc.)

VI

And on her dress, She keeps a padlock zipper. (etc.)

VII

Now, around the block She wheels a baby carriage. (etc.)
Behind his door Her father keeps a shotgun. (etc.)

IN THE HALLS OF ALPHA SIG

Oh, they had to carry Harry
Oh, they had to carry Harry from the ferry.
They had to carry Harry from the bar
But the reason that they had — to carry Harry from the
bar
Was 'cause Harry Couldn't carry any more.
My eyes are dim, I can not see.
I have not brought my specs with me.
I have — HAY. not -HO brought my specs with me.

II

For its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky
In the halls, in the halls
Oh, its whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky
In the halls of Alpha, Alpha Sigma Phi.

III

For its vodka, vodka, vodka
That makes you think you want to (Etc.)

IV

For its water, water, water,
That makes you feel you ought to (etc)

V

Oh its H²O
That makes you want to go (etc)

THE CELLAR OF OLD ALPHA SIG

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the boys who guzzle beer
 In the cellar of old Alpha Sig.
They are brave, they are bold
And the liquor they can hold
 Is a story that's never been told.
For it's Guzzle, Guzzle, Guzzle
As it trickles down your muzzle.
 Drink boys and never you run dry.
And we yell for more
As the cops bear down the door
 In the cellar of old Alpha Sig.

WE'LL SING OF ALPHA SIGMA PHI

Come, join ye sons of Sigma Phi,
Du — da, du — da
And sing her praises loud and high
O, du da, day
Let ev'ry voice now swell the song
Du — da, du — da
And speed the flying notes along
O, du da, day.

Where has earth a spot so free,
Du — da, du — da
As Alpha Sigma Phi we see
O, du da, day
Where has dull care so little power
Du — da, du — da
And flies so fast the passing hour
O, du da, day,

And when the ladies on Putnam Street
Du — da, du — da
An Alpha Sigma Phi man meet
O, du da, day
With upturned lips and downcast eye
Du — da, du — da
On him they smile, for him they sigh
O, du da, day.

Chorus

We're bound to sing all night
We're bound to sing all day;
We'll sing of Alpha Sigma Phi,
forever and for aye.

PARTY SONGS

CHI OMEGA SONG

Oh, they have no Chi Omega at R.U.,
Oh, they have no Chi Omega at R.U.
So the Beta Theta Pi's go to bed with the Chi Phi's.
Oh, they have no Chi Omega at R.U.

Oh, they have a Chi Omega at Cornell,
Oh, they have a Chi Omega at Cornell,
Still the Beta Theta Pi's go to bed with the Chi Phi's.
Oh, they have a Chi Omega at Cornell,

"LAFAYETTE"

Oh, the eagles they fly high Lafayette
Oh, the eagles they fly high Lafayette
Oh, the eagles they fly high and they right in
your eye.
Oh, the eagles they fly high, Lafayette.
Oh, the freshmen wash the dishes, Lafayette
Oh, the freshmen wash the dishes, Lafayette
Oh, the freshmen wash the dishes and they wipe them
on their britches
Oh, the dirty sons-of-bitches, Lafayette.
Oh, the old brown cow is dead Lafayette.
Oh, the old brown cow is dead Lafayette.
Oh, the old brown cow is dead so they milk the bull
instead.
For the freshmen must be fed Lafayette.

THE R.O.T.C.

Some mothers have sons in the Army,
Some mothers have sons overseas.
So take down your service star, mother,
Your son's in the R.O.T.C.

Chorus

R— O— T— C—
Your son's in the ROTC-TC
R— O— T— C—
It sounds like some horse to me,

CANNIBAL KING

A cannibal king with a big nose ring
Fell in love with a lusty maid,
And every night in the pale moonlight
Across the lake he came
He hugged and kissed his pretty little miss under
the bamboo tree.
And every night in the pale moonlight
It sounded like this to me.
Barrumph (kiss-kiss), barrumph (kiss-kiss)
Under the bamboo tree.
Barrumph (kiss-kiss), Barrumph (kiss-kiss)
Under the bamboo tree.

Chorus

We'll build a bungalow big enough for two.
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two,
And when we're married happy we'll be
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree.
If you'll be M-I-N-E mine
I'll be T-H-I-N-E thine,
And I'll L-O-V-E love you
All the T-I-M-E time,
You are the B-E-S-T best
Of all the R-E-S-T rest
And I'll L-O-V-E love you
All the T-I-M-E time,
Rack 'em up, sack 'em up
Any old time.
Match in the gas tank —
Boom — Boom!

Just like a L-A-R-K lark
Up in the P-A-R-K park
I will K-I-S-S kiss you
In the D-A-R-K dark,
It takes a K-I-S-S kiss
To make a M-I-S-S miss,
And I'll L-O-V-E you
All the T-I-M-E time.

WHO SWEEPS THE STREETS

Oh, who sweeps the street?
Oh, who sweeps the street?
Oh, who sweeps the streets the people say?
We sweep the streets,
Oh, we sweep the streets.
Who? C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A

II

Oh, who owns New York? (etc)

III

Oh, who made Mae West? (etc)

IV

Oh, who tells dirty jokes? (etc)

V

Oh, who curbs their dogs? (etc)

THE MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the bar room floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When -, a little gray mouse crept out of his hole
And sat in the pale moonlight.
He-, laped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat.
And-, all night long you could hear him roar —
BRING ON THE GOD DAMN CAT!

AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER

After the ball was over
Mary took out her glass eye,
Put her false teeth in the water
And hung up her hair to dry
Put her peg leg in the corner
Hung her wax ear on the wall,
Oh what a mess was Mary
After the ball!

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic
and when they had her thru,
They said "Here's a ship that
the water will never get thru,"
But the Lord, he raised his hand,
said the ship would never stand.
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Chorus

Oh, it was sad, it was sad, it was sad when the great
ship went down. — to the bottom of the — —
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
Oh, it was sad when the great ship went down.

II

Oh, they were not far from England and headed for the
shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor.
So they put them down below where they were the first
to go.
Oh, it was sad when that great ship went down.
Chorus (above)

III

Oh, the ship was filled with sin with the sides about
to burst.
When the captain there on board shouted women and
children first.
The poor man tried to wire but the lines were all on fire.
Oh, it was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus (above)

IV

Oh, they swung the life-boats out o're a rough and
rageing sea.
As the band played on
OH — NEARER — MY GOD — TO THEE
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o're
the side.
It was sad when the great ship went down.
Chorus: (above)

V

Now the moral of this story
As you can plainly see
Is to always wear a life-belt
Is to always wear a life-belt or never go to sea,
Yes, it was sad when that great ship went down.
Chorus (final time)

THE SOUSE FAMILY

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drank, drank, drank, drank,
Drunk last night, drunk the night before
Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got before.
For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be
For I am a member of the souse family.

I

Now the Souse family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany
There's the highland Dutch and the lowlands Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the goddam Dutch.

Chorus:

Singing glorious, glorious, one keg of beer for the four
of us.

Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone. Damn beer.

II

When God made the Irish he didn't make much
He used it all up on the Goddam Dutch

Chorus:

III

The Irish eat potatoes the French eat peas
The goddam Dutch eat Limberger Cheese

Chorus:

IV

When Greek meets Greek there's a battle to be fought
When Dutch meets Dutch there's beer on draught

Chorus:

V

When French meets French there's a restaurant or two
When Dutch meets Dutch there's a lager brew

Chorus:

VI

The boy's don't go out with the girlies much
They'd rather go drinking with the goddam Dutch

YOU HAD A DREAM

You had a dream, Dear, I had one too.
I know mine was best, because it was of you.
Come sweetheart tell me, now is the time.
You tell me your dream
And I will tell you mine.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
Oh, I had a little drink 'bout an hour ago.
And it went right to my head,
Wherever I may roam,
O'er land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing that song,
Show me the way to go home.

II

Indicate the way to my abode,
I'm fatigued and I wish to retire,
Had an alcoholic beverage 'bout 'bout sisty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum.
Now wherever I may cerambulate,
O'er land or sea or atmospheric ressure,
You will always hear me crooning that tune
Show me the way to my abode.

MY GIRL

My girl's from Vassar, none can surpass her,
She calls the strokes for the Harvard crew.

Chorus:

And in my future life, she's going to be my wife
How the hell do I know? She told me so.
My girl's from Holyoke, she taught me how to smoke
She told me dirty jokes, now I know Two.

Chorus:

My girl's from Smith, she talks like thith,
She taught me how to Kith, I love her so.

Chorus:

My girl's from M. I. T., she's a traversity,
Girls who study engineering, usually aren't so hot
appearing.

Chorus:

My girl's from Bryn Mawr, she won't get in my car,
She says I go too far, maybe I do.

Chorus:

My girl's from Beaver, I love to squeeze her,
She's such a teaser, I love her so.

Chorus:

My girl's from Cedar Crest, she was my first conquest,
Faster than all the rest, I love her so.

Chorus:

My girl's from State, she's a hot date she taught me
how to mate I love her so.

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

Chorus:

Oh they call it that good ol' mountain dew, dew, dew —
And them that refuse it are few,
So I'll put up mug if you fill up my jug
With that good ol' mountain dew

Verse I:

My uncle Will has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two,
Then the buzzards in the sky
Get so drunk that they can't fly
From the smell of that good 'ol
Mountain dew.

Chorus: (above)

II

My uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short —
He measures 'bout five foot two.
But he feels like a giant
When he gulps down a pint
Of that good 'ol mountain dew.
Chorus: (above)

III

Now my auntie June has a bottle of perfume
Oh, what a mighty pew,
Much to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was that good 'ol mountain dew!
Chorus: (above)

IV

Oh, not far from me there's an old dollar tree
Where you drop in a dollar or two.
First you go round the bend
Then you come backagain.
With that good 'ol mountain dew.
Chorus: (above)

V

Once when 'ol uncle will came down from his hill—
Thought his wife were so sick she was through.
Hell — the doc said he ort
To give her a snort
Of that good 'ol mountain dew.
Chorus: (above)

First you throw in some ash,
Then you mix in some trash
And the sole of an old worn-out shoe.
Then you stir it awhile
With an 'ol rusty file
And you call it mountain in dew.

FIREMAN BILL

Now fireman Bill was a fireman bold
For he puts out fires.
One night he went to a fire I'm told
For he puts out fires.
When the fire hit some dynamite
It blew poor Bill right out of sight.
But where he's going he'll be all right
For he puts out fires.

Now firegirl Jill was the fireman's gal
For she puts out — Hmmm.
Last night she went to a fire I'm told
For she puts out — Hmmm.
The fire hit some dynamite
And blew poor Jill right out of sight.
But where she's going she'll be all right.
For she puts out — Hmmm.

NATIONAL EMBALMING SCHOOL

For you we live, for you we die —
Nat. Embalming School
We do our best to give you rest
Nat. Embalming School
And when you die we bury you
We dig a hole and shove you through
For you we live, for you we die —
Nat. Embalming School
Post mortems, post mortems, post mortems,
Autopsies we perform.
Post mortems, post mortems, post mortems,
Autopsies we perform.
RIP — SLASH-CUT THE BODY!
There must be a reason.
MY GOD! HOW THE BODY REEKS.
It must be out of season.
For you we live, for you we die
Nat. Embalming School

OLE' BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away
Gone from this earth to a better land I know.
I hear those gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is hanging low
I hear those gentle voices calling
"Hey, Joe, you old black bastard where the hell are you?"

ALOUETTE

Chorus:

Aluette, Gentle Aluette; Aluette, Je Te Plumerae—

FIRST VERSE:

Je Te Plumerae Betty Grable, Je Te Plumerae Betty Grable — Betty Grable (Betty Grable) — on the table (on the table) — are you able? (are you able)? yes, yes, yes, yes....

Chorus:

(2) Je Te Plumerai Lana Turner, Je Te Plumerai Lana Turner, — Lana Turner (Lana Turner) what a burner (what a burner) — Betty Grable (Betty Grable) — on the table (on the table) are you able? (are you able) yes, yes, yes, yes....

Chorus:

(3) Je Te Plumerai Doris Day, Je Te Plumerai Doris Day, — Doris Day (Doris Day) in the hay (in the hay) Lana Turner (Lana Turner), etc.

Chorus:

(4) Je Te Plumerai Jasha Pitts, Je Te Plumerae Jasha Pitts — Jasha Pitts (Jasha Pitts) — has big teeth (has big teeth), Lana Turner (Lana Turner), etc.

Chorus:

(5) Je Te Plumerai Tessie Brewer, Je Te Plumerai Tessie Brewer, Tessie Brewer) — what a scream, (what a scream) etc.

Chorus:

(6) Je Te Plumerai Marsha Hunt, Je Te Plumerai Marsha Hunt (Marsha Hunt) has a car (has a car) etc.

Chorus:

(7) Je Te Plumerai Sophie Tucker, Je Te Plumerai Sophie Tucker — Sophie Tucker (Sophie Tucker) what a friend (what a friend) etc

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

**Mimi the college widow, pride of the university
Mimi the college widow, she taught the boys anatomy.
Mimi the college widow, to know her is to love her—**

That's for sure.

She laid the cornerstone of knowledge,

In fact the whole damn college!

That's Mimi the college widow.

A COLD WINTER'S EVENING

"Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving,
O'leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are,"
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the
 phone booth
And these are the words he said:
"Her Mother never told her the things a young girl
 should know
About the ways of Alpha Sigs and how they come and
 go (mostly go)!
Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its
 sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys, and let
 her sleep under the bar".
 (If There Be Room)!

BE PREPARED

Be prepared, that's the boy scout's marching song
Be prepared, as through life you march along
Be prepared to hold your liquor pretty well
Don't write naughty words on walls if you can't spell
Be prepared to hide that pack of cigarettes
Don't make book, if you cannot cover bets
And be sure to hide those reefers where you're sure they
 won't be found.
And be careful not to smoke them when the scoutmaster's
 around.
For he only will insist that they be shared, be prepared!

Be prepared, that's the boy scouts solemn creed
Be prepared, and be clean in word and deed
Don't solicit for your sister that's not nice
Unless you get a good percentage of her price.
Be prepared and be careful not to do your good deeds, if
 there's no one watching you
If you're looking for adventure of a new and different
 kind
And you come across a girl scout who is similarly inclined,
Don't be nervous, don't be flustered, don't be scared,
 Be prepared!

RAMBLING WRECK

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia
Tech and a hellavan engineer,
A helluva, helluva, helluva,
Helluvan Engineer,
Like all jolly good fellows
I drink my whiskey clear.
For I'm a ramblin', gamblin',
Helluvan engineer.

II

Now, if I had a daughter, sir, I'd
Dress her in white and gold
And put her on the campus
To cheer the brave and bold.
But if I had a son, sir,
I'll tell you what he'd do:
He would yell "to hell with Georgia!"
As his daddy used to do.

III

And If I had a barrel of rum
And sugar ten thousand pounds,
A college bell to put it in
And a clapper to stir it 'round,
I'd drink to all good fellows,
Be they from far or near.
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia
Tech and a helluva engineer.

IV

Now listen all you pretty maids,
Oh, listen to my plea.
Don't ever trust an engineer
An inch above your knee.
I trusted once too often,
The consequence you see —
He had engineered the young 'un
You see upon my knee.

PEACHES AND CREAM

Peaches and cream, peaches and cream,
We're the boys of the Harvard team,
We're not rough and we're not tough,
But boy are we determined.

I WANT A GAL

I want a gal just like the gal
That married dear old Dad,
She was a pal and the only gal
That Daddy ever had.
A real old-fashioned girl
With heart so true,
That's the only girl
That Daddy ever knew,
So I want a gal just like the gal
That married dear old Dad.

II

I want a beer just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.
It was a beer and the only beer
That Daddy ever had.
A real old-fashion beer
With lots of foam,
It took ten men to
Carry Daddy home.
So I want a beer just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Mauri's to the place where
Louis dwells
To the dear old Temple bar we love so well,
Sing the whiffenpoofs assembled with their glasses raised
on high,
And the magic of their singing casts it's spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we loved so
well,
"Shall I wasting" and moureveen" and the rest,
We will serenade our Louis while life and joys shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

Chorus

We are poor little lambs that have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa.
We are little black sheep that have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen, songsters out on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity.
May God have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little log hut we call'd our own.
She loved gin and I loved rum,
I tell you we had lots of fun.

(Chorus)

Ha! Ha! Ha. 'You and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee!
Ha! Ha! Ha. 'You and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee!
'Tis you who makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes
Here we are so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes.

(Chorus)

The rose is red, my nose is too;
The violet's blue so are you.
Yet I guess before I stop,
I'd better take another drop.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
I shall miss your sweet face and bright smile.
For they say you are taking the sunshine,
That has brightened our pathways a while.

(Chorus)

Come and sit by my side e're you leave me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboys who loved you so true.

They will bury me where you have wandered,
Where daisies and daffodils grow
For now you are going to leave me,
And I can't live without you I know.

(Chorus)

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl
Of all the girls I know.
Each sweet co-ed, like a rainbow trail,
Fades in the afterglow.
The blue of her eyes and the gold of her hair
Are a blend of the western sky;
And the moonlight beams on the girl of my dreams.
She's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

PHI DELTA THETA

Chorus:

**Phi Delta, Phi Delta Theta
Grand old fra, grand old fraternity
Phi delta, Phi Delta Theta
Phi Delta Theta for Aye**

**I went down to the burleyque
To see the stripper go by
And who do you think the stripper was
The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi**

**Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece were white as mutton
And underneath its tail it wore
A Kappa Alpha button**

**Gin rat is a simple beast
A typical SAE
And every time he sees a Delt
He thinks it is a tree**

**Sorority pin, sorority pin
Oh how I envy you
Perched upon the mountain top
For everyone to view**

**Out behind the chapter house
They pile the garbage high
And underneath the garbage
You will find an AEPI**

**Out behind the chapter house
They pile the residue
And underneath the residue
You will find a Sigma Nu
A mile from Dupont Circle stands a keg with no one to
tap her**

**"You know we fellows don't indulge
We're Phi Sigma Kappas"**

**Said Billy Rose to Sally Rand
Why don't you dance without your fan
So Sally danced without her fan
And Billy Rose while Sally RAN.**

DON'T CRY LADY

**Don't cry lady, I'll buy your goddam flowers
Don't cry lady, I'll buy your pencils too.
Don't cry lady, take off your dark brown glasses,
Hello mother, I knew it was you!**

TWO LITTLE WORDS

M is for the many times you made me,
O is for the other times you tried;
T is for the tourist camps we stayed in,
H is for the hot old times inside,
E is for every little lie you told me,
R is for the ruin you made of me:

Put them all together they spell mother,
and, brother, that's just what I'm going to be!

F is for your funny little letter,
A is for my answer to your note;
T is for your tearful accusation,
H is for you hope that I'm the goat;
E is for the ease with which I made you,
R is for the rube you thought I'd be:

Put them all together, they spell father
but you're crazy if you think that it was me!

STOUT HEARTED MEN

Give me some men who are stout hearted men
Who will fight for the right they adore.
Start me with ten, who are stout hearted men
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.
Oh, shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder.
They grow as they go to the fore.
Then — there's nothing in the world
Can halt or mar a plan
When stout hearted men
Can stick together man to man.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the sky's so blue.
Tell me, oh tell me, just why I love you.

II

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the sky so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

III

Sometimes I think that God above
Created you for me to love,
He picked you out from all the rest
Because He knew, dear, I loved you the best.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea,
Down among the corals, there I lost my morals,
My but she was good to me.

Many's the night with the pale moon shining.
Down in Minnie's bungalow.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed.

Now you can easily tell she's not my mother
Cause my mother's forty-nine .
Now you can easily tell she's not my sister
Cause I never gave my sister such a hell of a good
time
Now you can easily tell she's not my sweetie
Cause my sweetie is too refined.
She's just an innocent kid.
She didn't know what she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine,

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swag-man camped by a bill-a-bong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy
boiled

"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,

"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me."

Down came a jumbuck to dring at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Down came the squattor, mounted on his thorobred,
Up came the troopers, one, two, three,
Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Up jumped the swagman, spring into the billabong
"You'll never catch me alive." said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

DON'T TAKE MY PIN

Oh, you may drink and you think
That I'm dreaming of romance,

Don't take my pin.

I know I'm swell, what the hell,
Give — Don't take my pin chance,

Don't take my pin.

I know that I am the one
And there is no other;
I know you'd like to take me home
To meet your mother;
But can't you get a pin
From my fraternity brother?

Don't take my pin,

Just take my sterling silver locket
That's engraved with Alpha Sig
Or take my overflowing goblet
That is filled with scotch or rye.

Oh, take my gray Chevrolet
With the windshield wipers,
Take my Dorsey records,
With the four Pied Pipers,
But if you take my pin
I'm gonna lose my diapers,
Don't take my pin. (Rah-dah)
Baby, doncha take my pin!

MORPHINE BILL

Oh, Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
Went walking down the avenue,

Refrain:

Oh, honey have a (sniff)

Have a (sniff) on me,

Oh, honey have a (sniff) on me.

They came from Broadway down to Main
In hopes of finding some cocaine,

Refrain:

They came to a drugstore painted green
The sign outside said "No morphine"

Refrain:

Now in that graveyard on the hill
Lies the body of Morphine Bill

Refrain:

And in that graveyard by his side
Lies the Body of his cocaine Bride

Refrain:

JADA

Jada, jada, jada jada jing, jing, jing
Jada, jada, jada jada jing, jing, jing
That's a simple little bit of melody
It's so soothing and appealing to me
Jada, jada, jada jada jing, jing, jing

Matches, matches, M—A—T—C—H—E—S
Matches, matches, M—A—T—C—H—E—S
You can strike them on wood, you can strike them
on glass;

I know a girl who can strike them on her
Matches, matches, M—A—T—C—H—E—S

How is, how is, how the hell's your old wazoo
How is, how is, how the hell's your old wazoo
How is it in the morning, how is it at night,
How is it in the evening by the pale moon light.
How is, how is, how the hell's your old wazoo?

THEY'RE LAYING EGGS NOW

I had some chickens, no eggs would they lay,
I had some chickens, no eggs would they lay,
One day a rooster flew into my yard,
And chased those chickens all over the farm.
They're laying eggs now, just like they useter
Ever since that rooster flew in my yard.
They're laying eggs now, just like they useter
Ever since that rooster flew in my yard.

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO HARVARD

Don't send my boy to Harvard, the dying mother said,
Don't send my boy to Syracuse, I'd rather see him dead.
But send my boy to Lehigh, 'tis better than Cornell.
But as for Pennsylvan—i—a, I'd rather see him in Hell.

Chorus:

To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
To hell, to hell with Pennsylvania
The hell with the U. of P. P. U.

Oh, they hanged Jeff Davis from a sour apple tree,
Down went Maginty to the bottom of the sea,
She's my Annle and I'm her Joe, so listen to

my tale of woe——

Any ice today lady? ——NO

Giddyap Sasperilly.

Chorus:

SWEET VIOLETS

My uncle went out to the woodshed
Some wood he thought he would split,
But when he reached for the ax handle
All he got was a handful of

(Chorus)

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to foot,
Covered all over with sweet violets.

My father, he works in the sewer
His lantern he always keeps lit,
One day he reached up for his lunch-pail
But all he found was a bucket of

(Chorus)

We fed our baby some peaches
We thought he had swallowed the pit,
But when we looked into her diapers
All we found was a bucket of

(Chorus)

Babe Ruth was a wonderful batter
He was a man who really could hit,
But when he stepped up to the pitcher
He stepped in a pile of

(Chorus)

Oh, Hilly is quite a singer
At singing he was quite a hit,
But after his first performance
They gave him a shower of

(Chorus)

And now that my story is ending
I'll make a quick exit,
And if any of you are offended
Stick your hand in a bucket of

OLD FAVORITES

**DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE
HEART OF MY HEART
LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
STRAWBERRY BLONDE
MOONLIGHT BAY
DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY
WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP
DARKTOWN STRUTTER'S BALL
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?
CONEY ISLAND BABY
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES
GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY
A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO
THE BAND PLAYED ON
SILVER MOON
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE
SWING LOW
SMILES
BROADWAY
DIXIE
IRENE**

